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*In the Shadow
of Pike's Peak*

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IN THE SHADOW OF PIKE'S PEAK



BY MILLARD FILLMORE STIPES

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IN

THE SHADOW OF PIKE'S PEAK.

BY MILLARD FILLMORE STIPES.



M. F. Stipes.

JAMESPORT, MO.:
GAZETTE PRINTING OFFICE.
1900

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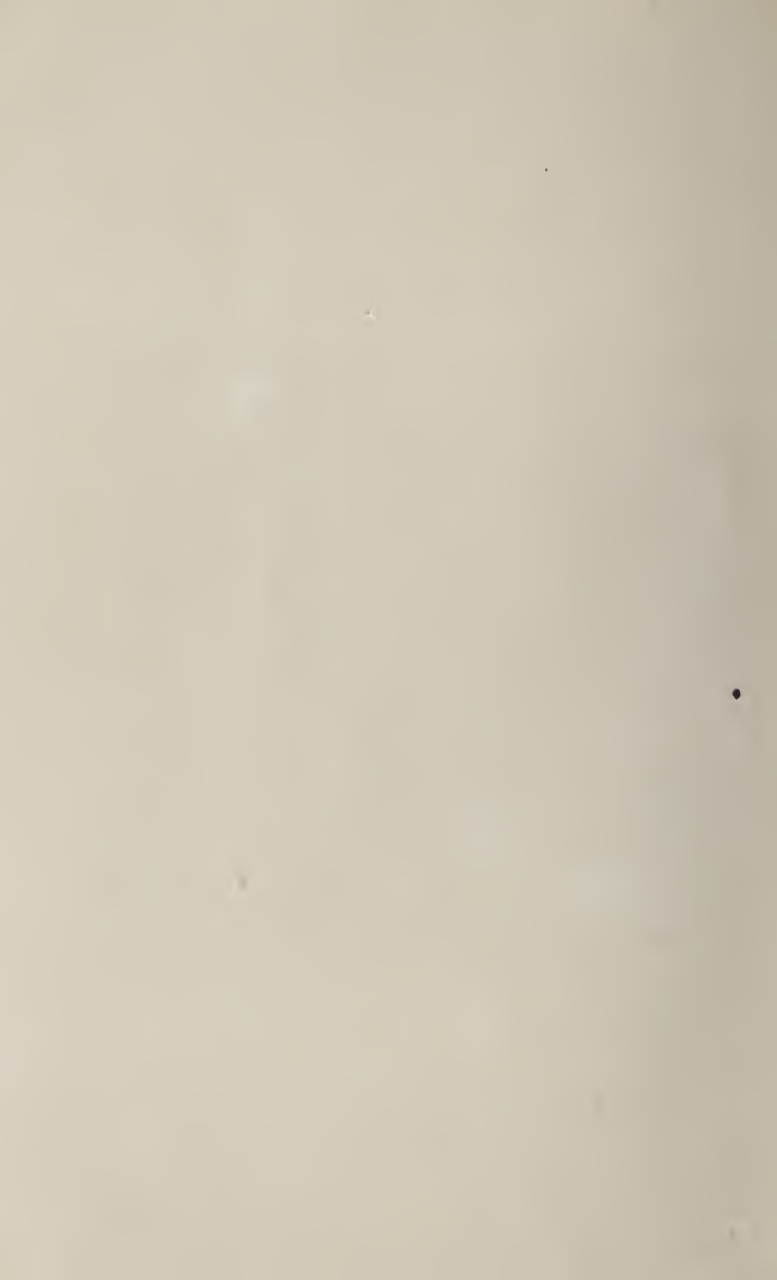
THIS little book is a record of my experiences and personal observations during a week's outing in the month of August, 1899. I have touched lightly upon statistics and history—mainly because little was at hand, and partly because I did not care to cumber my pages with such dry material. I preferred to write of what I saw. Hence little acknowledgment is due any writer, except for three or four quotations, which are properly credited *in loco*. The figures I have used relating to heights and distances are taken, in the main, from a little guide-book circulated by the railroad companies. I judge they are reliable.

A few friends having been kind enough to give utterance to some pleasant things about my attempts at writing, it is in the hope that some of these may appreciate this record of my outing in a more convenient form that a limited number of this little book is printed for private circulation. As intimated above, it is almost exclusively the creation of the writer—the child of his brain,—and “with all its imperfections on its head,” it is sent on its mission.

M. F. S.

JAMESPORT, MO.,

April 26, 1900.



IN THE SHADOW OF PIKE'S PEAK.

Crossing the Plains in Modern Days.

IT WAS with feelings bubbling over with anticipation and expectancy that on the afternoon of August 15th, 1899, I left home on a little vacation trip, deferred for an entire year because of business demands, to the Rocky Mountains. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," it has been said; but when a long-cherished hope is about to be realized, the heart rejoices two-fold more than it would were it consummated on its first incipency. Such, I earnestly believe, was the result in this instance. For many years I had longed to visit the mountains. At last the wish was about to become a reality, and as my train sped towards the Occident, anticipation rose to the highest pitch. My heart was attuned to the merry staccato of the car-wheels. Enthusiasm sometimes exaggerates the reality; but when it serves to please without doing harm, it may be pardoned. My destination was Colorado Springs, a city which Helen Hunt Jackson, of memory precious to every *litterateur*, says lies due East of the Great Mountains and West of the sun. Mrs. Jackson lived long enough within its borders to imbibe bountifully of its beauties.

My train rolled into the Kansas City Union Station on time, and ten minutes later, on board the "Colorado Flyer," I was speeding over the Rock Island Route towards the great plains. Just before dusk we passed Lawrence, the scene of Quantrell's mad dash during the Civil War. A dark day was that for the little city. There be those who say that the guerilla chieftain was not wholly without provocation,—but of that it is not my province to speak. At best war is but a horrible nightmare. You remember General Sherman's characterization of it? If civilized nations must resort to war, let it be conducted along enlightened and humane lines. For miles our path lay alongside the Kaw river. Indeed we crossed this stream several times. We were following the route of the Argonauts of 'Forty-Nine when they turned their faces to the setting sun and went in search of the Golden Fleece. Grand old Francis Parkman, in his "Oregon Trail," happily pictures these broad acres even before the California Hegira. It was dark when our train slowed up at Topeka, the capital of the Sunflower State. I saw little of this city; nor was my view better when returning a week later, as a grove of heavy timber intervenes between the railroad track and the town.

About one o'clock in the morning my slumbers were broken by a mob of noisy base-ball players, who made night hideous for the next half hour, when, happily, their station was reached. It was in the vicinity of Colby, 402 miles out from Kansas City, that I had my first impression of the horizon-fenced plains, boundless oceans of barrenness, which greeted my vision when daylight came. It was in-

deed a picture of desolation upon which I gazed. Prairie in every direction as far as the eye could reach,—gently undulating, almost barren, and of a light brown color. Great fires, such as Cooper pictures in “The Prairie,” would have swept unchecked across the illimitable area, had there been enough dried vegetation to burn. But there was not. Here and there could be seen a ranch or some other indication of civilization.

Ah, what is that?—It must be—it *is*, a sod house, about which style of domicile I have heard so much. Hard by stands a barn. *That* is built of boards and has a shingled roof. But the primitive sod mansion—low roofed, dusty, ill-smelling, uninviting; containing but two small rooms—suffices for the rancher and his loved ones. Blessed is the man who careth for his dumb assistants! By and by, should Fortune continue to be lavish with her smiles, the sod house will give place to a neat frame or brick structure, two-storied, with shingles on the roof and white paint on the sides—if a frame. Already we see such an one occasionally. Green or drab or brown or gray or red may do for town or city, but on the broad-rolling prairie white paint alone serves. And over yonder is a school-house; and here to the South, peeping up out of yon little valley, is another. They are weatherboarded, and they’re white painted, too. “Kansas is all right.” A schoolhouse in every valley and a church on every hill. Presently these schoolhouses will multiply. There will be two, three, four, where now stands one. The best buildings I saw on these prairies were the little schoolhouses.

Yonder is the ruin of a sod house. Were it permitted to speak, what manner of story would it tell? Of blighted hopes and unrealized dreams,—of crushing disappointments and incurable heartaches. The claim, it is evident, has been abandoned, for no dwelling is in sight. The claimant, disgusted and with leaden heart, has plodded his weary way Eastward “to his wife’s people.” Over there are the remains of another, but near by stands a pretty frame, while from the dooryard little children peer curiously at our hurrying train. *That* tells a different story. Content dwells there, though now and then the longing heart may dwell upon the happy scenes in far-away Ohio, or in the verdant hills of old Vermont. But *this* is home, and here peace and contentment abide.

Now our engineer whistles for a station. Why, what a queer-looking town! Not a tree nor a shrub nor a fence in sight. Nothing but the roof to protect one from the glare of the noonday sun. Nothing but the walls to keep away stray animals. Not even a flower nor a plant to be seen. It’s different in old Missouri. And wind pumps! One at every house. Three or four on every ranch. I am told that it is a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet to water. Little wonder none of the precious fluid can be spared for the trees and flowers and grass.

There I see a cunning little brown animal. It looks at our train a moment as we rush by, then scampers to a low hillock of white earth into which it instantly disappears. It resembles a small dog. And here are more of those mounds—a whole colony of them. It is a prairie-dog town.

Some of the little animals sit bolt upright upon their haunches and gaze at us; others skurry to their mounds. In the top of each mound (which is a foot or so in height and three or four feet across) is the opening to their burrow beneath. Into these they disappear so quickly that it is said to be a difficult matter to get a shot at one of them when the marksman is seen. Some, however, ate on contentedly without so much as deigning a glance at our train as with a rattle and roar we swept past. With them familiarity has bred contempt. I saw hundreds of the cunning little animals and scores of their towns. Some colonies seemed to cover a section of land. It is said that the settlers use dynamite in the burrows when it is desired to rid the land of the little animals. I saw nothing of the owls and the rattlesnakes with which the prairie dogs—doubtless, of necessity—are said to share their habitations.

Now our train pulls into Goodland, where a fresh locomotive is attached, as this is the end of a division. We are now 438 miles from Kansas City. The prairie has lost somewhat of its forbidding aspect, as the buffalo grass and the sage grass are quite green here, and occasionally one sees broad acres of Alfalfa. I see some trees, too. In the little lawn about the station are perhaps a dozen and they are some twenty feet in height. Around a dwelling over on the West side I see others. Some one beside the railroad company has been prodigal in the use of water, else these trees would never have withstood the drouth of the early 90s. Goodland contains, I should judge, twelve or fifteen hundred people. Like other towns in Western Kansas, its site

is almost an absolute level; and like the other towns, its most imposing structure is the school building. In the generations to come, Kansas will reap bountifully from this prodigality in schools and schoolhouses.

Kanorado, 456 miles from Kansas City, marks the state line between Kansas and Colorado. The ocean of billowy verdure continues in the Centennial State, and there are fewer signs of civilization than on the Kansas side. Often, as far as the eye could reach, there would not be a house of any kind in sight, and the only token of redemption from the realm of the red aborigines would be an occasional herd of cattle or sheep. Our train traveled perhaps a hundred miles without crossing a bridge, and the only water in sight was an occasional pool beside the track. These were the plains which once resounded to the tread of countless myriads of buffaloes, but now not even a bleached bone can be found as a reminder that this was once their abode. The insatiable maw of civilization has obliterated the last trace of these quadrupeds.

From Colby to Limon, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, I saw not a tree nor a shrub save those mentioned above. This trip gave me a clearer conception of the toil and hardships incurred in crossing the plains a half-century ago. For three hundred miles one sees not enough timber to fence a quarter-section of land; and not one stream of running water,—or at least none could be seen in the month of August, 1899.

Many hours of the time going and returning I spent in reveries. Nothing is more pleasing to a man of business

cares than to have seasons in which his mind, unbridled, may be given its own sweet will. On this occasion I had nearly fifteen hundred miles of travel and no companion save my thoughts. What a season for them to roam "in maiden meditation, fancy free!" The newsboy tempted me with such literature as usually comprises his stock in trade, but I gave his wares so little attention that he soon ceased to annoy me. Such hours of revery! To me it was a bit of sweet surcease of the cares of a busy life.

While yet eighty or more miles from my destination, the train made a sharp turn to the South, and glancing out of the window I saw in the West what seemed to be a low-lying dark-blue cloud. Its peculiar appearance at once riveted my attention. What could it be? I knew we were approaching the locality whence the great mountains could be seen. Could yon dark ridge be the Rockies? Had its appearance been light, or even black, I should have concluded so; but a dark blue! My imagination had pictured nothing like *that*. And knowing approximately our distance from the Rockies, did not yonder ridge loom up too conspicuously? Presently the train veered to the North and I had a view of the Southern extremity of the ridge. No cloud ever looked like that, and I could observe no change in its profile. It must be——*it must be the mountains*. How intently I watched them; now from the right side of the train, now from the left. Now a low-lying range of hills shut them from view. In a half hour I could distinguish a faint russet tint on the highest pinnacle which I knew to be Pike's Peak. Presently a glow of amber appeared on sev-

eral of the cones. It was the morning sun lighting up the tips of the peaks.

After the lapse of an hour there was little change in the appearance of the mountains, except that more amber was reflected from their summits. Great gashes here and there revealed where valley and canyon lay. In two hours we could distinguish the various cones, the canyons between, and the timber line. Above this, the mountains glinted in the morning sun; below, all was dark. Slowly had the purplish-blue, which first greeted our gaze, changed to an amber brown. The peaks seemed scarcely higher than they did an hour before. They appeared to rise abruptly from the boundless prairie, like a great wall.

Major Zebulon M. Pike, who first carried the stars and stripes into this region, and whose name the giant of the Eastern range of the Rockies bears, records that on November 13, 1806, while on the latter of his celebrated exploring tours, he saw in the West a blue cloud which he concluded was a mountain, and in his report says: "When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three cheers to the Mexican Mountains." On the 17th of November Pike "marched with an idea of arriving at the mountains, but at night found no visible difference in their appearance." Indeed he records that after sighting the mountains he traveled for ten days before arriving at their base. On the 27th he ascended Cheyenne Mountain, to the Southeast, and Pike thus records his observations from that peak: "The summit of the grand peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now ap-

peared at a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles and as high again as we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, whence I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle." Major Pike immortalized himself when he looked upon the peak which perpetuates his name; but what would he have said had he been told that after the lapse of eighty years hundreds of his fellow-countrymen would make the ascent, with ease and comfort, every summer's day!

A City at the Foot of the Rockies.

AS OUR train drew near Colorado Springs, the surface of the land slightly changed. The prairie was more broken, and here and there appeared the dry bed of a shallow creek; broad, and filled with glistening yellowish sand. Afterwards, from the summit of Pike's Peak, a score or more miles away, I could easily trace their devious course from horizon to horizon. From that height they had the appearance of granitoid roads, laid out at random across the broad prairie, without regard to symmetry. A thin line of cottonwood trees (the only species that seems to thrive in that sandy soil) grew along their course, and here and there appeared clumps of willows. Sand only now filled the beds of these streams—not a drop of water was seen,—yet I fancy that in the season of freshets they become foaming, rushing torrents as they make their way Southward to the Arkansas river.

Off to the right rose long ranges, or sometimes isolated knobs, of gypsum cliffs, their white sides flecked with clumps and irregular rows of dwarfed pines and firs—forming a sort of brilliant *repousse* work on a white background. One might easily imagine that behind the semi-transparent veil of green rose the frowning walls, battlemented and tur-

reted, with bastion, barbican and drawbridge, of some feudal castle, thronged with armed bands of half-savage retainers. Or looking at them again, they appeared not unlike a tree-embowered city. From the summit of Pike's Peak one was almost certain that populous towns dotted the wide expanse of trackless plains. Minature canyons, every nook and dell of which were filled with green growths, add to the singular beauty of these tablelands lying East of the city. In and out among these cliffs and smaller eminences wound our train; now in a deep cut, and now on a considerable embankment. The soil was white and sandy, reminding me of that along the boundary between Indiana and Michigan.

It seemed that our train was now approaching the very foot of the Rocky giants, yet I saw no trace of the little city which I knew nestled at their base. Hither and thither wandered my eyes in an effort to locate it. At any moment it seemed it must burst upon my view, for there appeared to be scarcely room in front of the peaks for a small hamlet. Suddenly a turn of the train brought it in sight at some distance to the right. How small the houses seemed! The city had somewhat the aspect of a cluster of Liliputian buildings. It took us some minutes yet to pull up to the station, and each moment the houses grew larger. It was the clear, pellucid atmosphere of that elevation—six thousand feet above sea level—that deceived me. I was reminded of the old anecdote of some former pilgrim in that region. You may have heard it, but it will bear repeating. It seems that one morning he had announced to the other

gentlemen of the party his intention of walking over to the foot of the mountains (which seemed only a half-mile or so distant) before breakfast. His companions attempted to dissuade him, but without avail. An hour or two later his friends followed after in a carriage. Presently they came upon their fellow-tourist disrobing upon the edge of an irrigation ditch.

"Why, what are you doing, Tom?" asked one.

"I'm going to swim across this river."

"River! Why, man, that's no river. It's only an irrigating ditch. Jump across it."

"I'm not going to do it. I thought it was only a half-mile over to this mountain. I've walked at least five miles and it's as far off as when I started. This stream may be a hundred yards wide for all I know. I don't intend to take any chances."

And so it was with me until I became accustomed to the crystalline transparency of the Colorado atmosphere.

About 11:30 Wednesday morning, however, my train stopped at the Colorado Springs station, and I stepped on *terra firma* for the first time since leaving Kansas City, 624 miles away, on the previous evening. Starting in the dissection of the business portion of the town, going through one of those beautiful and inviting parks with which Colorado Springs is liberally provided, an inquiry or two brought me to the office of my old Jamesport friend and neighbor—J. F. Lilly. An hour later I was pleasantly situated in the room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Peddicord, at No. 9 Las Animas Street, which Frank had himself occu-

pied for almost a year, and which he had lately vacated because of a visit from Jamesport relatives whom his landlady could not accommodate. There I remained during my all too brief sojourn in the benignant shadows of Pike's Peak.

Very cosily does Colorado Springs nestle at the foot of Pike's Peak. . Coming from the East it seems, as I have said, that the city crowds against the very walls of the mountains; but once in the town it is seen that the nearest peaks are three or four miles beyond. The city lies in El Paso county (these numerous Spanish names are relics of the period when the domain of the peninsular monarchy included the territory now comprising the Western half of the United States), seventy miles South of Denver, and forty North of Pueblo. It was founded in 1872, and at first it was known to its neighbors as Fountain Colony. Its present name is misleading, as no springs of any description are found in the town, and the soda, iron and sulphur springs that have done so much to render this locality famous are at Manitou, five miles away. It is a city of some twenty-two thousand inhabitants, and not a saloon within its borders. This is owing to the insertion in every deed of a clause to the effect that should intoxicating liquors be made or sold upon the lot or parcel of land deeded, it at once reverts to the original owners. There have been collisions between the liquor dealers and the town company, but to this day the provision holds, and saloons are debarred.

While Colorado Springs is popular as a resort for tourists, it is also attractive as a business and residence point. I am told that the daily transactions in mining stocks alone aggregate one hundred thousand dollars. Elegant business blocks that would do credit to a much more pretentious city are found within its limits, while now and then the visitor sees a residence that is almost palatial in its appointments. Many millionaires own homes in the city, and there they spend the whole or a portion of each year. It is the headquarters of most of the Cripple Creek mining companies and the nearest desirable residence location, hence many of the wealthy mine owners have their homes at the Springs. The city has twenty-five miles of electric railways, electric light plants, a natural water supply (having its source half way up Pike's Peak), and all other advantages of a progressive Eastern town. A good college, two of the state institutions, and the Childs-Drexel Home for superannuated printers are located here.

I wish now to speak of some peculiarities of Colorado Springs and other towns situated near the crest of the continent. No street is paved, and outside the business blocks no sidewalks are laid. The shady, gravelly soil suffices for both pave and walk. When a new street is laid out, all one has to do is to dig a little trench where the curbstone should be—and there you are! Sidewalk laid and street paved. No amount of rain will ever make either muddy. But have a care for your shoe leather! Before you suspect such a thing possible, your soles will be worn through. Why, the residents—even the ladies—put iron plates on their shoes!


As one visitor remarked, "It is the only locality in our country where the people have to be shod like horses."

The principal business street of the town is Pike's Peak Avenue. If extended Westward, this street would pierce the granite giant at its heart. At right angles is Tejon (Tee-hone—accent on last syllable) street, on which the North and South line of electric cars run. To the South this line extends through a pretty suburb called Idlewild, to Broadmoor Casino and lake (where three evenings each week the devotees of Terpsichore may disport themselves to their hearts' content), and to Cheyenne Canyons. Narrow streams of running water are carried at each side of the streets. These bountifully supply with moisture the roots of the big cottonwood trees which in the early days of the city were planted thickly along every street. In every yard is a hydrant and a long hose, and regularly each morning lawns and flower-plots are given a copious bath. The parks, of which I saw three, are treated likewise. The huge cottonwood trees with which these are thickly studded, cast a dense shade; while in convenient nooks are bubbling fountains of cold mountain water. Little wonder that thither many of the residents, with book or paper or congenial companions, wend their way. These parks were the most inviting spots I saw on the warm August afternoons. The nights in Colorado, however, were cool, and ere morning I found one or two heavy covers not uncomfortable.

To the West one sees, rising in grand and awful sublimity, the mountains, their summits reaching to the very skies. Under the summer sunrise these gleamed like gar-

nets and burnished gold. At noontide they were of an amber brown; while at sunset they were of a dark blue, rivaling in color the purple of the grapes of Eschol at their ripest. The appearance of the peaks is ever changing. One never tires looking at them, Long residence does not lend monotony to the scene. No two days are just alike.

Mountain-Walled Cheyenne Canyon.

 TWO hours after reaching Colorado Springs, I was aboard the electric cars that run South from town. Past Idlewild, and past Broadmoor with its pretty lake and enticing surroundings, we wound our way until the end of the line, at the entrance to Cheyenne Canyon, four miles from the city, was reached. In waiting here was the usual number of carriage drivers and burro owners, but turning a deaf ear to their importunities, I wended my way along the driveway that leads up the canyon. Madly-dashing Cheyenne Creek tumbles its way over ledge and boulder down the gorge, and alongside this the road is built. At some places the solid granite was blasted away to afford room. Presently the path narrows, the scene grows in grandeur as in towering heights the crags crowd the little creek on either side. At some points the walls rise almost perpendicularly for fifteen hundred feet. From the bottom of the abyss I gazed upward at their rugged heights. Near their summits eagles wheel majestically about. Doubtless in safe retreats among the stately peaks their eeries are concealed. This was my first experience among such towering walls, and my entranced gaze turned now to the right, now to the left, but always on the

heights. Here and there, where the gorge widened, were rustic, tree-embowered buildings, surrounded by pretty lawns in which fountains sparkled and flowers blossomed. Iron fences enclosed these, and at the entrance was the disappointing edict, "Private grounds; keep out!"

At the entrance to the canyon we pass between two tall cliffs known as "The Pillars of Hercules." Between these, geologists tell us, ages ago the little brook of foaming, crystal waters, the home of the speckled trout, carved its way. Dense groves of spruce and pine fill the wider spaces of the gorge. Tourists in carriages, tourists on burros, and tourists afoot come and go. It was in this gorge that I, for the first time, saw women mounted astride on saddle animals; and candor compels me to admit that the spectacle strikes one as being no more vulgar, and no more likely to cause unfavorable comment, than when persons of the same sex spin along on their wheels. It is delightfully cool among the awesome cliffs. Here and there some kind soul has placed comfortable seats where one may rest while communing with brook and peak, forgetful of the toil and care of the busy outside world. Nature, prodigal as she is with her gems, has given us but one Cheyenne Canyon.

Presently a toll-gate barred the way, but having been told by friends that the scenery within is grand beyond description, a silver quarter procured my admittance. Two young men—brothers—own the upper portion of the gorge, and I am told that it is proving a real bonanza to them. This and two or three caves in the vicinity of Manitou are

the only attractions in the vicinity to which admittance is charged. Now the beauty and the august grandeur of the scene increase. Sometimes sharp turns shut off the view, both to the front and to the rear, and it seemed that one was at the bottom of a great mountain-walled pit or granite well, the only egress being up and over the lofty crags, which none but a bird or a bat might try. Brown and red rise the granite and sandstone walls, rugged, seamed and turreted; the strata being tilted and twisted into every conceivable position. Far up the walls great boulders rest so lightly that it seems the strength of a little child might start them crashing to the depths below. Indeed one wonders why some of them do not start of their own accord. I traversed the canyon to its upper end where a frowning wall marks its limit. Over this dizzy height Cheyenne Creek tumbles in seven distinct leaps to the floor of the gorge. It was a tiny stream when I saw it, but doubtless when the snows of winter vanish in the downpour of warm spring days, it is transformed into a raging flood. I climbed the stairs built alongside the "Seven Falls," by which name the pretty cascades are known. To the left in its majesty rises Cheyenne Mountain, which Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.") loved so well. On its noble summit she built a cosy little cottage in which, during the summer months, she would occasionally sojourn for a few days, holding sweet communion with Nature where it disported the wildest and illumining her pages with its revelations. Hard by is the spot where her body, after being brought by rail from California—where, within the sound of the surf of the Pacific,

the final summons came—and up Cheyenne's trail on the backs of sturdy little burros, lay for a brief time; but her husband, it is said because of the many Bacchanalian orgies held on the sacred spot, had the remains disinterred and now the poet sleeps in Evergreen Cemetery, at Colorado Springs. A simple slab of marble, placed horizontally above her grave (after the old English fashion), now marks her resting-place. On Cheyenne's heights a heap of stones indicates to the tourist the place of her temporary sepulture. Mrs. Jackson knew and loved every nook and cranny in Cheyenne Canyon, and with affection was her pen tipped when she wrote of them. In her charming little book, "Bits of Travel at Home," you will find a delightfully interesting chapter about this mountain-walled gorge.

Of the mountain which she loved almost as life itself and which will ever be associated with her memory, the sweet singer wrote:

By easy slope to West as if it had
 No thought, when first its soaring was begun,
 Except to look devoutly to the sun,
 It rises, and has risen, until glad,
 With light as with a garment it is clad
 Each dawn before the tardy plains have won
 One ray, and after day has long been done
 For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad to leave its brow.

While in the canyon, the writer penciled the following:

Cheyenne Canyon, Colorado, August 16, 1899.

Beautiful Cheyenne Canyon is now before and around me. I write while resting upon a rustic seat half way up

the stairs at the Seven Falls, which are found at the head of the South canyon. All around are cliffs and perpendicular walls of brown and red rock, rising a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. Here and there dwarfed pines grow in the clefts, wherever they find soil enough to take root—and very little serves. It is only 3:22 P. M., but already the sun is behind a tall granite wall to the West, and the coolness of early twilight is upon me. I have just essayed my first mountain climbing on the slopes above the stairway, but very little satisfied me. The roar of the Seven Falls strikes my ear as I trace these lines. One fall is but a few feet to my left, and another is just below where I sit. The total height of these falls exceeds that of Niagara, but 'tis only a tiny stream, across which one may leap in most places, that tumbles down this precipice. The upper end of the steps ends in a little bridge which spans the stream just in front of the first fall. The water leaps over a ledge twenty or thirty feet to a pretty pellucid pool below. Midway in the lower fall is a cavity worn into the solid wall of granite. Into this the little stream plunges, and almost the entire volume of water is thrown back in a sheaf-shaped body of flashing streams—fantastic, unexpected, picturesque. A fountain in the midst of a fall! The path leading up the canyon to this spot lies between stately cliffs, almost perpendicular and towering hundreds of feet high. At some places they so nearly approach one another that there is scarcely room for the carriage road and the little creek.

I write again near the lower end of the canyon. I

found there were 245 steps at the falls. Just above where I now sit rises Prospect Dome, a red cone to the North side. Where I write the gorge is so narrow and so crooked that in several places one's outlet seems blocked by solid heights of insurmountable granite. One might easily toss a pebble from cliff to cliff, so nearly perpendicular are the red walls.

Two languid ladies, neither of whom I conjecture ever looked as high as the tops of the crags, passed me in a carriage as I was going up the canyon and again as I returned. I wonder what good it did *them* to go sight-seeing.

Grand, superb, picturesque is Cheyenne Canyon! It inspires the admiration of every beholder. Little wonder so many never tire of its beauty and majesty. Prosaic indeed must be he who closes his ears to the ceaseless song of praise of the waterfalls as they break into rainbows and mists

A Day Above the Clouds.



WITH regal majesty towers the crest of Pike's Peak above its hundred granite companions. Rugged and bold it stands,—the peer of all the giant gems with which the mountain rosary is studded; the one historic peak of the Sierra Madre system; the beacon light of the Argonauts who braved the hardships and dangers of the trackless plains in their search for the Golden Fleece which eluded the grasp of so many. Man may invade and subjugate the wilderness and erect therein temples that dim the grandeur and the magnificence of those of Karnak and Luxor; with massive and stately bridges which evoke the plaudits of future generations he may span the streams of the continents; in floating palaces of superb appointments that are marvels of human ingenuity and skill he may traverse the stormy Atlantic: but he cannot, if he would, lessen by one jot or tittle the grandeur and the sublimity of Colorado's matchless mountain system, by which he and his works are dwarfed into insignificance. Temple and bridge may crumble to ruins, the floating palace may moulder in Sargasso's impenetrable desert, but Nature's handiwork, invulnerable to the ravages of time, remains unchanged throughout the ages.

To ascend Pike's Peak—to stand upon its summit which some mighty subterranean force has uplifted 14,147 feet above old ocean's level and look upon the illimitable display of mountain peaks and valleys and broad prairies—was to me the most ecstatic anticipation of my visit to the Rockies, the Mecca of my ambition. Who, then, may analyze my feelings when, on the morning of August 17th, I started from home for the purpose of making the ascent of the famous peak?

Passing over for the present the ride, on an electric car of the Colorado Springs and Manitou Rapid Transit Company, through Colorado City, which once briefly enjoyed the distinction of being the capital of the Centennial State, and through Manitou, with its wonderful diversity of mineral springs and hostleries (the "Switzerland of America," its admirers delight to call it), I shall proceed at once to my mountain climb. At the farther side of Manitou, in the very jaws of Engleman's Canyon, is the lower terminus of the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway, the "cog-wheel" route by which the ascent of the mountain is so easily made, —a boon to those who cannot boast of being physical aristocrats, for by its aid persons who possess no superior development of limb and lung may mount above the clouds and stand "close to the sun in lonely lands." Waiting at the station was the queer-looking locomotive and the one coach which it pushes up to the summit, 7,518 feet above, over an incline a trifle less than nine miles in length. Between the ordinary rails to which one is accustomed are placed two rack rails, set $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches apart. In these inter-

sect the cogs of four wheels on the locomotive and by means of which the propelling power is applied. In places the grade is twenty-five per cent, or a rise of one foot in four; at other points the track varies but little from a level.

In a few minutes I had procured my ticket and had a seat in the already well-filled coach. In five minutes more the whistle sounded and the ascent began. Our tortuous path lay up Engleman's Canyon, beside riotous Ruxton Creek, a sparkling mountain stream which has its source in the snow above, and which tumbles down the gorge in a bewildering succession of cascades, cataracts and rapids. The heavy grade began at once as we wound our way between Hiawatha and Manitou Mountains. How our engine puffed and labored! But there was none of the familiar whirl of its wheels on the track. The only appreciable effect of the heavier grades was a diminution in speed. I felt no misgivings at all concerning our safety, for we climbed at a rate of only four or five miles an hour. Mighty crags arise on either side. The scenes and the grandeur of Cheyenne Canyon are rivaled. Great boulders cling to the walls above us. Sometimes the rocks take upon themselves fantastic forms, which were pointed out by our conductor. From the top of a beetling crag on the right a lone fisherman seems to sit and industriously ply his vocation, though the only inhabitants of the element into which he casts his barb are eagles and swallows. Just beyond we pass under a stupendous hanging rock which seems on the point of engulfing train and passengers in one common besom of destruction. Cameron's Cone on our left rises to

the height of 10,695 feet. Looking back we have an unobstructed view of Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. Set in the pines, with several picturesque Swiss cottages near by, Minnehaha Falls comes into view. Happy must be the man who is blessed with such congenial companions! Hard by, also on the right, is Lizard rock, showing a remarkable resemblance to the reptile whose name it bears. "All the attractions seem to be on the right," a lady exclaims. *She* occupied a seat on the *left* side of the coach.

Now come a rapid succession of attractions. Pinnacle Rock, the Devil's Slide, Woodland Park, the Elk's Head and the Fleuride Gold Mine are pointed out, and our engine whistles for the Half-Way House, two and two-thirds miles from Manitou. Now we climb "Son-of-a-Gun Hill," the heaviest grade on the route. Towering walls rise on either side, forming a chasm to which the name of Hell Gate has been given. Ahead of us Bald Mountain is pointed out. Brown and naked rises its crest to the altitude of twelve thousand feet. Ruxton and Aspen Parks appear on the rapidly changing panorama, and for a season our train rolls along a comparatively easy grade. In and out and up we wind our way; now making a sharp curve around the head of a gulch, now creeping around a rocky point, midway between its base and its brow thousands of feet above. Like Tennyson's brook, we climb "with many a curve." On a point ahead, limned against the Southern sky, another train is seen winding its way up the peak. To the right the "Grand Old Mountain" rears its Titanic crest, still two or three thousand feet above. Away below lie the level plains,

with Manitou and Colorado Springs nestling at the foot of the peaks. Presently the timber line—11,578 feet high—is reached. Thus far the sides and clefts and vales have been overgrown with green groves of pines and firs and cedars and junipers—with numerous tracts of fallen timber. Above is only the bare red granite. Off to the left we see a pretty glacial lake, covering, we are told, one hundred and ten acres. The peaks to the East, which from the plains seemed to kiss the very skies, now dwindle to insignificant foothills. Alpine plants spring here and there among the boulders, and at every station boys bearing baskets of pretty purplish flowers board the train, seeking purchasers.

As I neared the summit, how my heart was thrilled! Ever since childhood's days had I dwelled upon the ecstasy of mountain climbing. It was a dream that had been cherished for years. And now it was being realized. To be sure the mode of realization was far from that which had time and again been pictured. Ascending the frowning slopes of a giant mountain king seated in a comfortable railway coach, with a powerful locomotive noisily laboring in the rear, was certainly after no preconception of mine; nevertheless the dream was becoming an accomplished fact. There was none of the traditional toil and danger pertaining to mountain climbing. The journey was now made in ease and comfort. The beetling crags and towering peaks, which, as we stood in the plains below, seemed to laugh at our puny strength as they leaned against the sky, were now looked down upon with a feeling of superiority. With a merry staccato the throbbing pulse sent the streams of crim-

son leaping through artery and vein. What ecstasy! What grandeur! What sublimity! What thrilling impressions stamped indelibly upon memory's page! How near arched the azure vault above, rivaling in its coloring the far-famed skies of sunny Italy!

It thrills the heart even now when memory reverts to the raptures of that ride. That purple-blue background of mountains which bounded our vision while yet miles away on yon Eastern prairie was being surmounted. To the very crest of their king were we mounting. Mighty seemed they when first we saw them limned against the Western horizon. From their very pinnacle should we now look down upon the miles of barren peaks and horizon-fenced prairie. Little wonder that with accelerated speed coursed the warm blood through its channels.

In silent awe gazed the half-hundred occupants of our coach. When one thoughtless human magpie, too prosaic to drink in the sublime majesty of the panorama before us, interrupted the spell by some inopportune or irreverent remark, how the heart reproved and condemned. At my side sat one who had tread the snowy heights of Rigi, the Jung Frau, and other noted peaks of the far-away Alps, but now he gazed as one entranced. The famed Alps may have a braver display of snow and crevasse and glacier, but in scenic majesty they fail to surpass the present spectacle.

Now we come to Windy Point, whence we have our first view to the South. Ugh-h-h! Close that window and let me turn up my coat collar! Such a wintry blast in Au-

gust is a very unusual experience for me. Ah, off to the Southwest see those mountains with great stripes of white reaching from their summits far down their slopes. It is snow, and *that* is the source of these chilling winds which whistle around our coach. Those are the mountains of the Sangre de Cristo range (considering how little reverence the Spanish have for Christ and his teaching, it is remarkable how often to natural objects they have applied his name), and they are eighty-five miles away. Such fields of snow in August is also an unusual natural phenomenon for me.

Now we near the summit. Past a prehistoric crater just below the crest winds our train. In another moment the government signal station that crowns the mountain comes into view. Entirely around the Eastern slope has swung our path. Now our train is headed towards home. Ah, here we are on the loftiest point of Pike's Peak!

Let's take a look at that huge thermometer that glitters in the sunlight in front of the signal station. Sixty degrees, and the August sun beaming brightly upon it! In the shade the reading would be many degrees lower. The half-hundred people who came up on our train quickly scatter over the summit, already enlivened by the train-load that had preceded us up the mountain. The summit is quite large, containing several acres, and is approximately level. On the subjacent peaks no snow was visible; but two days later I saw, on the Northwestern slope of Pike's Peak, hidden, however, to our view from the summit, quite a body

of it. Off to the West, glittering in the effulgence of the noonday sun, are great fields of snow, on the peaks and in the upper gorges of the Sangre de Cristo range. The brow of Pike's Peak is composed of an aggregation of broken granite. None of the loose rocks are very large. Indeed from the timber line to the top one is impressed with the idea that at some period in the remote ages there had been a cloudburst at that particular spot, and the great downpour had consisted of broken granite instead of water. To the South the slope is quite gentle, and up it come the railway track and the carriage road. To the North is a sheer descent of thousands of feet; and to the East and to the West the drop is only a bit less abrupt.

After a tour of the summit (during which both trains started on the return trip), I ate the lunch brought with me and then wrote the following:

On the Summit of Pike's Peak, August 17, 1899.

"I am seated on a rock behind the Summit House, out of the wind and in the sunshine, my coat collar turned up and a handkerchief about my neck. I am not cold to be uncomfortable, but it is a new sensation to be chilly in August with the sun shining brightly. Off to the South I see some cumulus clouds that appear to be below me rather than above. Their lower edges are quite dark, giving them a very unfamiliar appearance. To the Southwest I see the Sangre de Cristo range, with snow in all the depressions about their tops. The last of the snow here melted about three weeks ago. To the North are Long's and other peaks of the Rocky Mountains, To the South are

more peaks, and to the Southeast are the dim outlines of the Spanish Peaks or Raton Mountains, in New Mexico, nearly two hundred miles distant.

"The signal station is a big, low house, probably thirty by one hundred feet, and built of stone gathered from the top of the peak. A room to my right has a fire in it, by which chilled tourists may—for a consideration—have their normal conditions restored. But I am not uncomfortable, though I may become so if I sit here long. I must move about presently. The trains—two of them—have gone back and left about a dozen of us upon the peak. It is some three and one-half hours before another starts down. I feel no unpleasant effects from the altitude, but I could not saw much stove wood nor print many papers on a hand press up here, even though the thermometer does indicate sixty degrees in the sunshine. It takes all my breath to climb a hundred yards over the stones on the summit.

"Just inside the building from where I sit is a telegraph office. I can hear the instrument occasionally. This one building is all that stands within two thousand feet of the mountain's top. Off to the East I see Colorado Springs with its 23,000 inhabitants, eight thousand feet below, looking like a field with a few furrows plowed through it at regular intervals. One can scarcely realize that it is a small city. To the naked eye, none of the buildings are visible. Beyond it lie one hundred and fifty miles of Colorado and Kansas prairie. In all other directions is a wilderness of mountain peaks, printed in amber and brown against the summer sky."

From the crest of Pike's Peak a panorama of bewildering magnitude greets the eye. It was my good fortune to have an ideal day for the ascent, though the haziness of the atmosphere rendered invisible some of the more distant objects often seen from the summit. The broad prairie was now tinged with that mazarine blue which marked the mountains when first I saw them. The line of demarkation between plain and sky was lost in the haze. Denver I could not see, even through a field glass handed me by a young lady who had vainly attempted to locate that city. But a multitude of blue and garnet peaks—Long's, Gray's, Torry, Rosalie and others—all bathed in the golden splendors of the sun, stretch away one hundred and twenty miles towards Wyoming. To the West are Blanca (the highest in the state—14,464 feet above tidewater), Buffalo, Ouray, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Holy Cross and Elbert peaks, at distances varying from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles, their spikes, crested with perpetual snow, piercing the sky. These are the peaks of the Snowy Range, of which a poet thus sings:

"Sangre de Cristo, let me trace
The beauties of thy furrowed face;
While poncha-perfumed summer breeze
Makes music in thine arboles."

"Sangre de Crisfo, in thy cold purity
Thou'rt emblematic of blood shed to free
The world of its woe, for man's soul's security,
Shed to save sin-fettered mortals like me.
Sangre de Cristo, bright mountain vista,
Thy cloud-piercing peaks shall my monument be.

And when I am sleeping where thy shades are creeping,
Sangre de Cristo, wilt thou shelter me?"

Nearer to hand is a coterie of inferior peaks—Cameron's Cone, Cheyenne, Garfield, Monta Rosa, Rhyolite and Baldy—any one of which, standing alone, would seem stupendous and imposing, but dwarfed and overshadowed by the proximity of Pike's Peak—the first of the system to which the "speech of England" gave a name. Out in the prairie to the South lies Pueblo, with the Spanish Peaks as an azure background. To the Southwest we see Cripple Creek, Altman, and several other towns of the famous mining district. Indeed from the ethereal heights of the peak a view of unapproached magnificence is obtained. The brain is dazed by the vastness of the scenic panorama, while to the soul the eye conveys some slight significance of the infinite in heights and distances. Oh, for a Titian or a Landseer to limn in unfading colors the grandeur and the prismatic splendors of the scene spread out before me! Words utterly fail one in an attempt to picture its magnificence. The most artistic pen would shrink from such a task. Through the eye alone is it possible for the soul to obtain an adequate conception of it.

"There are those who seek in other climes the joys they might
have known

Mid the mountains and the meadows of the land they call their
own.

I would seek the shady canyons where at night the gentle dew
Comes to kiss the rose and heliotrope when stars are all in view.

"I would stand amid these mountains with their hueless caps of snow,
 Looking down the distant valleys stretching far away below;
 And with reverential rapture thank my Maker for that grand,
 Peerless, priceless panorama that a child can understand!"

A half-dozen heaps of stone crown the peak, and near the center masons have erected a tower, rising to the height of ten or fifteen feet and resembling somewhat an old-fashioned stone chimney. What its purposes are I could not conjecture. It is tiresome in that altitude (greater than that of the famous Matterhorn and only a thousand feet less than the height of Mount Blanc) to climb about over the broken stones with which the summit is covered. One is not apt to wander far away from the carriage drive and the walks that have been laid out. The signal station is near the Eastern limit, and between it and the brow of the precipice are the tracks of the cog-wheel road. Just North of the terminus of the railroad is a large flat rock, overhanging the yawning abyss below. In the center of this the Cryptic Masons, just a week prior to my visit to the peak, sealed up in a chiseled receptacle some archives and other memoranda of their order. On the copper plate soldered over the cavity is the following inscription: "Deposited August 11, A. D. 1899, A. Dep. 2899, by the Ellsworth Council No. 9, R. and S. M., Ellsworth, Kansas. Edward W. Wellington, Th. Ill. M." Then follow the names of the officers of the grand council of Colorado, of the grand council of Kansas, and of the general grand council of the United States. Below are the words: "To be restored to the craft after one hundred years have elapsed."

There is a lunch counter in the building on the summit, but only millionaires can afford to eat thereat. A cup of indifferent coffee, I was told, sells for twenty-five cents. A curio store also is found, but the prices of the dealers in the towns below are doubled and often quadrupled. I did not patronize either,

In the afternoon, when the Western sun shone full upon the prairie, I was able to discern some of the buildings in Colorado Springs—the brick blocks by a red tint between the gray streets, and a few of the dwellings by white specks in the midst of the squares. Prospect Lake, to the Southeast, had none of the shimmer of water, even in the sunlight, but appeared like a freshly plowed field of gray soil. The distant prairie was flecked with cloud-shadows, and I discovered that the cloud seemed much more distant than the shadow it cast. Of the sandy creek beds and the gypsum buttes I have spoken elsewhere.

What lies beyond that vast extent of peaceful prairie to the East, the Sangre de Cristo range to the West, the Spanish Peaks to the South, and Long's and Gray's Peaks to the North? To others, I know not, but for me, five hundred or more miles beyond yon glimmering Eastern horizon lie home and happiness and loved ones.

At 3:50 P. M., after having spent a little short of five hours at an altitude of nearly three miles, I boarded the train for home. Before leaving the summit I noticed that the thermometer had dropped to forty-eight degrees, and I was assured that upon the peak ice would be quite plentiful in the morning. The descent was made without incident.

The force of the steam was now applied as a brake to the train, giving it a slightly jerky, but not unpleasant, motion. Once again did the passengers drink in the beauty and the gorgeous splendors of the route, "vistas ever new at each swift throb." Past the precipices of stone, thousands of feet high, and carved and twisted by flood and storm into all the weird and fantastic shapes that the wildest imagination can conceive; past castle and tower and cathedral and fortress and spire and minaret, all fashioned on a colossal scale, we whirled our way. As Manitou was neared, winter wraps were laid aside. At 5:13 our destination was reached, and thus ended for me the ever-to-be-remembered DAY ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Farewell, grand old mountain! From all sides have these eyes of mine beheld thy beauties. From near and from afar have they looked upon thy royal front. Thy granite crest these feet have trod. Whether it ever be mine to again view thy sublime majesty, I know not. But be the remainder of my days many or be they few, never shall my mental vision suffer thy blue and brown image to be effaced. Wide shall I open the windows of memory, and to me there will float, as restfully as the ineffable cadences of Beethoven's grandest symphony, sweet recollections of the day spent on thy heaven-kissing heights.

Acres of Tumultuous Stone.

FIVE DAYS I spent in the company of mountain and canyon. Each moment of each day was brimful of delights to sight and soul; each hour left indellibly stamped upon memory's tablet a picture which, however vivid its image may be, I despair of my ability to set in a fitting frame of speech. Only he who sees for himself can ever know the wonders sculptured in granite and sandstone and gypsum that nestle in the benignant shadow of Pike's Peak.

Having told something of canyon and peak, I shall now, in my feeble way, picture the aggregation of weird, fantastic and chaotically curious freaks of nature known as the Garden of the Gods—an appellation singularly inappropriate, unless he who bestowed it had in mind the gods of the Norse Walhalla. Of all the weird, grotesque, sublimely awkward spectacles of natural wonders, the one here presented caps the climax. The red and brown and green and white rocks have gone masquerading in every imaginably absurd costume and character. Strange and uncouth figures, some of them startlingly realistic, have here been chiseled by the Titanic sculptors who presided at the creation.

The Garden does not lie in the canyons, but is found among the foot-hills, with the grim old mountain which perpetuates the name of General Pike standing sentinel. It is to the North of the electric road connecting Colorado Springs and Manitou, and extends nearly to the outskirts of the latter. About eleven o'clock on the forenoon of August 18th I stepped from a car on the electric line and bent my steps to the North. 'Twas during this day that I acquired a beautifully sun-colored complexion. In fact I wore it for some days after my return to Missouri,—a memento of my meanderings in that Olympia where no Jove shakes his ambrosial curls.

Along the dusty carriage road I leisurely walked. Almost immediately strange formations began to appear. Straight up out of the green, level sward shot spires of red rock, some reaching two or three hundred feet into the pellucid mountain air; some inclined from a perpendicular at an angle that would have put the famous leaning tower of Pisa to shame. The scenery was all done in terra cotta. Even the buffalo grass found root in soil of that tint, and the settling dust gave the same cast to one's garments. Along the East border of these strange formations wound the road. Off to the right rose gypsum cliffs that gleamed in striking contrast to the terra cotta walls on the left. I had all these beauties to myself. Indeed during the five or six hours that I wandered in the Garden, I did not see over a score of people.

Presently there came into view ahead of me a spire of green rocks which I at once knew to be the "Tower of

Babel," from a half-tone picture of it which I had at home. No human, I conjecture, ever scaled its heights. It seemed of a circular shape when first seen, but a near approach showed that it extended back several hundred yards. From a distance I had been able to see only the Southern extremity. To the left was a similar formation (though not so striking) in terra cotta. By a path which led between these formations I entered the Garden. Seated on a rock in the shade of the red one, I enjoyed the lunch which my good landlady had put up for me. A few hundred yards beyond was the much-pictured "gateway" to the Garden. The path I had taken led me up to this portal from within; but in order to obtain a view of it from the outside, I walked a little ways through the opening between the red walls. In the foreground lay the strange and grotesque formations which cause the spot to be included in the itinerary of all Rocky Mountain tourists; while a brilliant coterie of peaks, with the Giant Mountain presiding, forms an attractive Western setting. Fancy, if you can, two red cliffs rising abruptly from the level prairie to the height of three hundred feet, with a narrow passage-way between them. They are irregular in outline, containing innumerable holes and rifts in which thousands of swallows nest. The tiny feet of these feathered dwellers are doubtless the only ones that have tread the bare spires and pinnacles about their homes.

And what is to be seen within the gateway? The red earth thinly grass-grown; a few scattering clusters of low cedars and pines; a wild confusion of red rocks. Rocks of every size from a boulder to a towering cliff; rocks of every

conceivable and inconceivable shape; rocks shooting, like the bole of a giant tree, perpendicularly from the earth; rocks closely caricaturing seals and lions and elephants and gargoyles and sphinxes—colossal monstrosities all, wind-sculptured in terra cotta and brown. Sometimes the resemblance is so distinct as to be startling; sometimes the alleged similitude is far-fetched. But these fanciful conceits were less wonderful to me than the rocks themselves. What a mighty subterranean force was that which burst asunder the hardening crust and shot up into the blue ethereal these isolated shafts, leaving them towering hundreds of feet above the undisturbed level! The Garden of the Gods is indeed a symphony in yellow and red and green. Oh, for a master hand to delineate in colors immortal the glories of these weird rocks and mountain profiles, even as Titian painted the Dolomites in the Tyrol!

Ernest Ingersoll, in his work, "The Crest of the Continent," says of this spot:

"Strange, grotesque shapes, mammoth caricatures of animals, clamber, crouch or spring from vantage points hundreds of feet in air. Here a battlemented wall is pierced by a round window; there a cluster of slender spires lift themselves; beyond, a leaning tower slants through the blue air, or a cube as large as a dwelling-house is balanced on a pivot-like point at the base, as if a child's strength could upset it. Imagine all this, scintillant with color, set under a dazzling sapphire dome, with the silver stems and delicate frondage of young cottonwoods in one space, or a strong young hemlock lifting green symmetrical arms from some high rocky cliff to another."

Towards Manitou leisurely I wended my way. Wild, distorted and conglomerate are the rock formations here marshaled, but they have lost somewhat the tints of rubies and carnelians and taken on a more somber brown. It is a wilderness of boulders. Boulders flat, boulders spherical, boulders conical; boulders pointing upward like spires, boulders carved and chiseled by Omnipotent fingers into sphinxes and animals; light-colored boulders with dark cap stones; boulders with bases so tiny that one wonders how they have withstood the storms of the centuries; boulders perched lightly on top of boulders, their stability seemingly threatened by every zephyr borne on the bosom of the South-wind. Yonder is a Brobdignagian frog, here a stag's head, there a seal. Now we see an elephant, now a duck, now a turtle, and now a bear comes into view. Punch and Judy, in vermilion raiment, next appear on the stage. These resemblances, often very striking, can be discerned only from certain spots. A stranger without a guide would miss half the show. Many of the formations were pointed out to me by a gentleman who had before visited the Garden. Some I discovered after parting with him. Turning around while well on my way to Manitou, I was surprised to see near at hand a face carved by Nature as accurately as the ancient Egyptians fashioned the famous Sphinx of the Nile. A few steps farther and I would have missed it.

Near Manitou is Balanced Rock, which has been photographed, perhaps, oftener than any other attraction in Colorado. It is a huge brown boulder, its estimated weight five hundred tons, nicely balanced on a large flat rock, the

whole rising fifty or sixty feet into the air. The foundation of the upper rock is so small that it seems the weight of a child's hand might overcome its equilibrium. Yet it has stood the storms and deteriorations since some great glacier in the ice age left it so nicely poised. In its shadow I sat for an hour writing a letter to home folks.

The Garden of the Gods is a mosaic in granite and sandstone and gypsum, presenting all the mystical changes and iridescent tints of mother of pearl. But the formations themselves had greater attractions for me than the fanciful resemblances. What a field it is for the geologist! What a charm it possesses for every devotee of Nature! One should dwell awhile, I am told, among the red spires to imbibe all their beauties. The scene affects one as a grand painting; and, like a painting, one must study it closely. In colossal grandeur it is overshadowed by the proximity of the mist-clad mountains, but for one who delights to commune with Nature, there is an irresistible fascination about this wild realm of fantasy.

Manitou and its Springs.



ANITOU lies in the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains, by which it is environed on three sides, forming a sort of natural amphitheater. The Western setting of giant cones brings an early twilight; and as there is witchery and poetic fascination in all the surroundings, doubtless many an *affaire du cœur* there finds in the gloaming its full fruition. A more inspiring spot in which to reveal that sweetest of all stories, old as the eternal hills themselves, and yet ever new—a more entrancing season for enthralled hearts to voice those thoughts hidden in their deepest recesses, can scarcely be imagined. Through the town flows Fountaine qui Bouille, or as the English speaking people designate it, Fountain Creek, a sparkling, rippling mountain stream. The town has one principal street, which begins at the Eastern limits and, following the trend of the creek, sweeps in a gentle curve to the jaws of Engleman's Canyon. on the Southwest, where are found the terminal of the cog-wheel road up Pike's Peak and the station on the Colorado Midland. Traversing this street from end to end is a trolley line, connecting with the electric road to Colorado Springs, five miles distant. I found the car fares very reasonable. One

may ride from the Union Depot, in the Eastern part of the Springs, to the cog-wheel station, in Engleman's Canyon, for fifteen cents; or from the Northern limits of the city to Cheyenne Canyon (about five miles) for a dime. Indeed the fares are less in Colorado than they are at Niagara Falls, where such immense quantities of electricity are generated without cost by the power of the cataract.

Even a casual observer will soon discover that Manitou is on the decline. The signs of decadence are everywhere. It was built in this lovely vale as a summer resort, but a convenient electric line to Colorado Springs and the metropolitan airs of that little city are slowly, but none the less surely, absorbing the vitality of the pretty little town that nestles so snugly at the very foot of the Rockies. Too many of the tourists stop at the Springs. A vast amount of capital has been invested in hotels and boarding houses at Manitou; and while they may have yielded a profit in the past, it is doubtful if they ever do so again. I do not mean that the town is absolutely "dead," but it has seen its best days. Better would it have been for its welfare had electric cars never invaded the Rocky Mountain region.

The principal attractions of Manitou are its mineral springs. The canyons and gulches about the mountain-girdled town form a pharmacopœian wonderland. From the strange Deity-wrought alchemies of mountain slopes and crag-walled gorges burst forth magical fountains of healing for the afflicted portion of humanity. Within a radius of a few hundred yards are found fourteen varieties of medicinal waters, the virtues of which the residents never cease

to extol. These, combined with mountain air, rich in ozone and as pure as that which fanned the cheek of sinless Eve in primeval paradise, make one of Nature's greatest sanitariums. It was from these springs that Manitou obtained its name. The Indians regarded them as something supernatural and believed that in them dwelt the Great Spirit, hence to the locality they gave their appellation for the Almighty. To show the vague ideas of reverence which these simple children of nature associated with such fountains of mystery, I will quote a few lines from the writings of Captain George Ruxton, an English officer, who visited this region in 1847 and spent many days beside the crystal waters of rippling *Fontaine qui Bouille*:

"The Indians regard with awe the 'medicine' waters of these fountains, as being the abode of a spirit who breathes through the transparent waters, and thus, by his exhalations, causes the perturbation of its surface. The Arapahoes especially attribute to this water-god the power of ordaining the success or failure of their expeditions, and as their braves pass by the mysterious springs, when in search of their hereditary enemies, the Utes, they never fail to bestow their votive offering upon the water-spirit, in order to propitiate the Manitou of the fountain, and insure a fortunate issue to their path of war. Thus, at the time of my visit, the basin of the springs was filled with beads, wampum and pieces of red cloth and knives, while the surrounding trees were hung with pieces of deerskin cloth and mocassins. The signs, too, around the spring showed that a war dance had been executed by the braves."

To show that his visit was one of most ecstatic enjoyment to the Captain, I further quote from him:

“Never was there such a paradise for the hunter as this lone and solitary spot. The shelving prairie, at the bottom of which the springs are situated, is entirely surrounded by rugged mountains, and affords a safe pasture to animals, which would hardly care to wander from such feeding and the salitrose rocks they love so well to lick. Immediately overhead, Pike’s Peak, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the sea, towers high into the clouds; while from the fountains, like a gigantic amphitheater, ridge after ridge, clothed in pine and cedar, rises and meets the stupendous mass of mountains, well called ‘Rocky,’ which stretch far away North and Southward, their gigantic peaks being visible above the strata of clouds.”

The springs are still there; and while to them no more are attributed such miraculous powers, by the pale-faced successors of the dusky aborigines they are now highly valued for their curative properties. No more is heard the monotonous chant of the war dance, but on the mountain air there float sweeter echoes as the disciples of Terpsichore, to the dulcet rythms of Johann Strauss, rendered by a superb orchestra, move in the voluptuous mazes of the modern waltz. The most noted of these springs are the soda group, comprizing the Manitou, the Navajo, and the Shoshone; and the iron group, comprising the Ute, the Ouray, and the Little Chief. I made several brief visits to the town and tried the waters of the Manitou Soda Spring, the Ute Iron Spring, and a sulphur spring. It needs no chem-

cal analysis to reveal the principal mineral in any of these. Of the three, I preferred the iron spring. Water to drink is supplied free and handed out by courteous attendants; but to those who desire it to carry home, a charge of two and one-half cents per quart is made. At each visit I found crowds of tourists. Once I sat an hour in the pavilion at the Ute Iron Spring, watching the people come and go. While all classes were represented, the greater part seemed to be well-to-do. The desperate flirtation of a young couple sitting nearly opposite was a source of considerable amusement to me,—so were the antics of a bevy of dusky maidens, wondrously decked out in gaudy gowns and startling creations in millinery, who ambled up on meek and innocent burros and ordered their escort to bring them some “ahrn watah.” Over on the back seat were a clerical-looking gentleman and a much younger lady, evidently his daughter or his youthful wife. Each was perusing a book, but the frequent lifting of the eyes indicated that the lady was more interested in her surroundings than in the open page before her.

Manitou contains many handsons and striking buildings—residences, cottages and inns. Perched upon a ledge, only a trifle larger than the foundation of the building, one will see a beautiful cottage, built probably of stone, reached only by climbing a flight of stairs—or rolling down the mountain that guards its rear. A sorry place, methinks, to bring up a family of children, but perhaps none of the people who occupy these modern cliff-dwellings possess such contingencies. The locations are picturesque, but I should

prefer a home on the prairie or in the less mountainous woodland. Some of the hostleries, too, are reached by a climb from the vale below. Sparkling fountains and parterres of brilliant flowers are everywhere. The prettiest picture I saw was a hedge of old-fashioned hollyhocks, all in full bloom. We would do well to give more attention to the cultivation of the flowers our grandmothers loved.

Manitou is in the midst of an aggregation of natural wonders. Adjacent are the Garden of the Gods and Williams' Canyon to the North and Northeast; the Cave of the Winds, the Grand Caverns and Ute Pass to the West; Pike's Peak to the Southwest; and the Red Canyon to the South. The town is the starting-point of excursions on foot, on burros and in carriages to all these attractions. Especially is it the headquarters of the burro companies. I did not try a ride on one of these homely little creatures, for I doubted my ability to manage them, and I did not care to make a spectacle of myself as did some people I saw who were perched upon the backs of the stubborn animals. But I saw whole platoons of women enjoying this sport, the most of them mounted astride. To those who have unlimited time at their command, it is a favorite way of ascending the great peak.

An amusing incident occurred during my last visit to Manitou. While waiting for a car to Colorado Springs, a party of young people got off a car on the Manitou line, which runs to the same station—the terminal of each line. They seemed in very ill humor and all talked at once, but presently I gathered that they had boarded the Manitou car

only one block back, under the impression that it would take them to Colorado Springs without change. They declared that the conductor had to "hustle" to collect their fares ere the end of his line was reached. One remarked that she did not care for the five cents, but she hated to be beaten in any such way. I noticed that when the party boarded the next car they were careful to pay no fares until they ascertained whether or not the line ran through to Colorado Springs. They were Missourians, too. Indeed I found many visitors from our state. In Ruxton Park, half way up the cog-wheel route, is a printing office at which the "Pike's Peak Daily News" is published. Each day appears the names and addresses of those who patronize the inclined railway. On the day I ascended the peak, I noticed that almost one-third of the patrons were Missourians.


Nine-tenths of the people who make the ascent of Pike's Peak start from Manitou. Besides being the lower terminus of the cog-wheel road, it is the starting-point of those who walk up the peak and of those who make the ascent on burros. A few go by carriage from Cascade, and some go by Cheyenne Mountain. The first ascent of the peak was made on July 14, 1819, by Dr. Edwin James, of an expedition in command of Major S. H. Long, accompanied by a volunteer named Harris and three unknown men. The first woman to scale its rugged heights was Mrs. Mary H. Holmes, who reached the summit on August 5, 1858.

Between Manitou and Colorado Springs is Colorado City, or "Old Town," which once, for a brief season, enjoyed the distinction of being the capital of the Centennial

State. But the vigorous young giant, ninety miles to the North, was victor in a contest for such honors, and Colorado Springs on the East soon led in the race for commercial supremacy. So Colorado City, while she sees her neighbor donning metropolitan airs, dreams of the majesty that once seemed within her grasp. Soon the three towns will become one, and the ambitious "city" will exist only as a memory.

On the evening of August 19th I had my last glimpse of Manitou, "the airy, fairy municipality," all but hidden by the spirit-guarded hills; with its winding driveways, inviting lawns, rustic bridges, picturesque pavilions, tree-embowered cottages, commodious hotels, restful promenades, and wondrous fountains of healing.

The Greatest Gold Camp on Earth.

CARCELY had I reached Colorado Springs ere a friend remarked that by no means must I return without visiting the wonderful gold-mining camp at Cripple Creek. As it is expensive to travel in the mountain district, my first thought was that "the game is not worth the candle." Within ten minutes, however, after parting with my friend, I ran across the announcement of an excursion to that point on the following Saturday. As the fare on these excursions is reduced just one-half, the matter was instantly decided, though it disarranged my plans for visiting other and nearer attractions. I had to return without carrying out a portion of my program, but I do not regret it. What I saw and learned at Cripple Creek amply compensated me for my losses in other directions.

At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, August 19th, several hundred excursionists—the writer included—boarded the Colorado Midland train for Cripple Creek. Two huge mountain locomotives, built very much like the six-wheeled "Moguls" that pull such long strings of heavily-laden freight cars over our prairie roads, labored noisily in front. At Manitou another hundred or so were added to our party. At this station I had my first and only glimpse

of a Jamesport neighbor for whom I had looked three days. Not knowing his address at Manitou, the search was very like looking for a needle in a haystack—and when I found him it was a case of “how near, and yet how far!” The track of the Midland from Manitou lies up Ute Pass, the ancient route of the savage from the mountains to the mysterious springs and to the plains, and the defile through which swarmed the freighters of the '50s. In a short distance are seven tunnels, some of them quite long. What an opportunity it was for the newly-married, the betrothed, and the likely-to-be-betrothed,—if any such were on our train, and from the indications I judged we had aboard numerous couples to whom some one of these terms apply.

This was indeed a trip into the very heart of the Rockies. Up, up, up we climbed, the vistas ever new. At Cascade we let off a delegation of Grand Army members, to join in a reunion held there on that day. Some of us wondered if the “cannon” which gave them such a noisy welcome was in honor of our excursion. Beyond is a more level region with here and there a farm house or a ranch “shack,” while on all sides the eternal mountains show their bare crests. Up and up we climb, going no faster than an ordinary freight. Green Mountain Falls, a *recherche* and widely-patronized summer resort, is left behind. Still in our front rears the divide, obstructing all views to the South and West. That must be surmounted. And presently it is. Beyond a wild scene is presented. Peaks and canyons and crags and gulches and valleys galore. A magnificent panorama that would be an inspiration to a Titian or a

Landseer. Mountains near and mountains afar. The view is equaled only by that from the summit of Pike's Peak, half around the base of which we have now circled.

In this locality some primitive dwellings came into view. They were constructed of small, unhewn pine or fir logs, the interstices between "chinked" and plastered with clay, the roof formed of birch bark (that from a small tree being split into halves, and the first course laid with the concave side turned up and the second with it turned down,—the bark being cut the length of the slope of the roof), and the chimneys built of sticks and clay. I suppose the floors were of puncheons or of dirt. About the doors of these structures children played as contentedly as though their homes were in brown stone or marble fronts.

Wilder and grander now becomes the scene. Along the side of a mountain, half way up its precipitous slope, winds our track,—an insurmountable cliff on the one side and a bottomless abyss on the other. Before this trip, I had thought that a ride along such a dizzy brink would unnerve the stoutest, but I felt no more apprehension concerning our safety than I did on the level plains of Kansas—and that means that I thought not of danger at all. The snow-crested Sangre de Cristo Range came into view, and from its summits the exhilarating winds caused the tourists to draw wraps and coats closer about them. At one vantage-point our train is stopped, that all may have a long look at the distant Western Range. The view is not nearly so grand, however, as that from the summit of Pike's Peak. When starting on a trip through the Rocky Mountains, one

should wear heavier clothing than ordinarily *Apropos*,—in a party that made the ascent of Pike's Peak a short time prior to my visit to the mountains was a lady who wore the gauziest of summer apparel and provided herself with no wrap. At the cog-wheel station she met some friends who, when apprised of these facts, attempted to dissuade her from attempting the ascent; but right bravely she declared that she would not turn back at that stage. She became very much chilled, and had it not been for several newspapers the gentlemen had in their pockets and which were wrapped about her shoulders, serious results may have followed. She declared the amount of virtue newspapers possess as a protection from cold is amazing.

On speeds our train along the curving track. Now we circle around the head of a deep gulch; now we wind around the slope of a mountainous ledge. Presently Gillett, which marks the Northern boundary of the Cripple Creek camp, is reached. The hillsides and mountain slopes are honey-combed with prospect-holes, and in a few minutes the first working mine comes into view. Soon they rapidly multiply, as Altman—the highest railroad town in the world—is reached. Now our locomotive whistles for Victor (which twenty-two hours after my visit was devastated by the fire-fiend), and we are in the midst of gold mines famous to the farthest limits of civilization. On the left is the Independence Mine, on the right is the Portland, and near by is the Vindicator—the richest mines in the camp. Twenty minutes later, after many a curve—at one of which I was able to look squarely out of the car window and see our engines

on the opposite side of a deep gulch, we slowed up at our destination, having traveled nearly sixty miles to reach a point only thirty, as the bee flies, from our starting-point.

Cripple Creek has a population of twenty-five thousand and possesses all the conveniences of an Atlantic-coast city. Because of the great fire which ate out its very heart a few years ago, it is now composed of substantial modern buildings. It was in 1891 that gold was first discovered, just outside the present limits of the bustling, mountain-girdled town. To the farthest ends of the earth were the tidings flashed. Soon people swarmed on the scene, the mountains and hills, it was found, are composed of rich gold-bearing quartz, and although the discovery was made "far from the madding crowd," like magic exhalations arose town after town until now the district has a population of 75,000. In Cripple Creek are seen modern business blocks and metropolitan hotels. On the train I had formed the acquaintance of a banker from Richmond, Missouri, and together we pleasantly spent the day. As it was about noon when the camp was reached, our first move was to obtain something to eat. We went first to a large hotel, but as there was no prospect of getting dinner without waiting an hour or two, and our time being too limited for that, we decided to try a restaurant. An inquiry brought us to the "Merchants' Cafe" where we were served a substantial dinner, on the European plan, at a cost of forty-five cents each, which I considered very reasonable. I had an opportunity afterwards, while buying some fruit to serve as a lunch while awaiting our late supper, to ascertain the prices of several

varieties of vegetables and other table commodities, and was surprised to find them but little more expensive than at home. It was the first time, too, that I had seen vegetables, fruits and eggs sold by weight. This impressed upon me a further realization of the fact that I was in the mountainous region and had left behind the East and its familiar (though possibly somewhat antiquated) customs. I found in the market all the fruits and vegetables one usually sees in the cities—luscious California peaches, palatable Muscatelle grapes, mellow pears, big red and green plums, etc.

Dinner being dispatched, we sought the station on the electric line and presently boarded a car for a three-mile ride, over hills and mountains and through the very heart of the mining district, to Victor. This was the most picturesque ride of my life, not even excepting that over the Great Gorge Route down the Niagara River from the Falls to Lewiston. There is no monotony on the Cripple Creek-Victor road—unless a bewildering confusion of working gold mines constitutes monotony. There are on that road points from which I verily believe two hundred gold mines may be seen. They are in all stages of development. Some are only a few feet in depth, the ore or dumpage being brought to the surface by means of a windlass turned by hand. The largest have shafts sunk nearly a thousand feet into the side of the mountain or in the little valleys, the machinery being driven by powerful Alis engines. And there are mines of every grade between these extremes. The district consists of low mountains, the entire sides and even the very crests of which are crowded with mines. I am told that the gold-

bearing quartz yields more abundantly to the ton at the lower depths than near the surface. It is believed that it will be profitable to work the mines at the very lowest depth possible.

My companion and I visited the Portland mine, one of the most noted of the district. A paragraph from "A Hand Book of the Mines and Mining Companies of Cripple Creek" will give one an adequate conception, not only of this, but of all the important mines of the camp:

"Portland Gold-Mining Company.—Capitalization, 3,000,000 shares; par value, \$1.00. No treasury stock; a large reserve fund. Owns Portland, Anna Lee, Doubtful, Bob Tail Nos. 1; 2 and 3, Scranton, Captain, White House, Hidden Treasure, Vanadium, Queen of the Hills, Black Diamond, Confidence, Success, Fair Play, Baby Ruth, Lowell, Rosario, National Bell, Four Queens, Tidal Wave, Milton, Lost Anna, Yankee Girl, Little Harry, D's Own, and portion of Blue Stocking, on Battle Mountain, over 130 acres, all patented; also 310,000 shares of the stock of the Amazon Mining Company. The property is now being worked through one shaft 900 feet deep and an average tonnage of 3,000 tons per month of high-grade ore. Large quantities of low grade are in sight, which has not yet been mined. The plant is equipped with a 600-horse power engine, being the largest hoisting plant in the state. The equipment for pumping has a capacity of handling 2,500 gallons of water per minute, which is many times in excess of the present flow. The veins are mammoth fissures in granite, and the values are much increased with depth and

show every evidence of continuing to the greatest depth possible to mine. The company pays \$60,000 monthly dividend, being two per cent; \$1,940,000 has been paid in dividends to January, 1899, and the present prospects of the property are extremely bright. The company was formed in 1891, with a tenth acre of ground representing their entire holdings. Balance of ground has been acquired by purchase since. Ore was first discovered in 1893, after the shaft had reached solid formation."

And this is only *one* company,—there are, in the district, several hundred others, though few pay such enormous dividends. During the last month (November, 1899,) the gold output of the district was \$2,515,500—the greatest of any month in the history of the camp. The total output for 1899 will aggregate above eighteen million dollars. That for 1900 (barring accidents) is expected to exceed this sum.

The first discovery of gold at Cripple Creek was made by Winfield Scott Stratton, a carpenter, who, in 1872, located at Colorado Springs, with a total capital of \$300. He fell into the habit of spending every Sunday exploring the mountains near by for minerals. In 1873 he invested his savings in the Yretaba mine in Cunningham Gulch. Every summer for ten years he spent in working this unprofitable mine, in the Spring going out on foot with two mules and coming back in the Fall to resume work as a carpenter. He saw this mine swallow, not only his labor during these summers, but also over three thousand dollars saved at his trade, and received therefrom no returns. He began the study of assaying and learned the treatment of ores. On

June 6, 1891, Mr. Stratton went into camp on Battle Mountain, in the now famous Cripple Creek district, and made a diligent search for paying ore. Disheartened by his failure, on July 3d he returned home. But debts were becoming due, and on the 4th he rode back to the mountain, where, with the aid of a blow pipe, he found that for which he had toiled so long. In honor of the day, he named his claim the Independence. His discovery made him a rich man. Last Spring he went to London where he sold the Independence at a fabulous figure. He owns some fifteen or twenty other mines, besides a fifth interest in the Portland Mining Company and two-thirds interest in the Gold Crater Mining Company.

After leaving the Portland mine, I visited the Dante, where James Wymore, a former Jamesport neighbor, is engineer. I found a force of hands at work putting in a larger steam plant—the mine having outgrown the old. The shaft is down four hundred and eighty feet, and considerable ore has been shipped. The company owns eleven acres on Bull Mountain, where some of the richest mines in the district are located.

I spent an hour with Mr. Wymore and his estimable wife, after which, as train time was drawing near, I boarded a car on the electric line (which passes by the Dante), and a few minutes later was again in Cripple Creek. At 5:30 the excursionists left for Colorado Springs, which was reached about 9:15. A more pleasant crowd I never saw on an excursion. This is explained by the fact that it was composed exclusively of mountain tourists. There was not

a disorderly person aboard. A merry time we had—and to me a **most** profitable one. Nowhere else on earth is it possible **to find** such a mountain-walled treasury of the gods.

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